**Lost**

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# Lost

by TigerPrawn


Summary

Major Will Graham is to pilot the Verger-Bloom family and the eccentric Doctor Lecter to humanity's new home. But then something goes wrong.

For the Hannigram A/B/O Library 2021 Big Bang and featuring amazing art from NinPotato


Notes

This is loosely based on the 1998 trash fire movie of Lost In Space that will always have a soft spot in my heart.

Side note: it was only when I rewatched this movie to write this fic that I realised Jared Harris was in it. As a fan I was confused as to how I forgot this... and then I watched it and realised it was because I hadn't clocked it was him as they dub him over with an American accent lololol.

**2058**

Will paced Jack Crawford's office.

He had known this was coming, but now that it was happening he was regretting not putting up a fuss when Jack had ordered him to pilot the United Global Space Force mission to Alpha Prime. It was a lifetime mission, one that he knew might happen, but the reality was daunting.

The Verger-Bloom's were taking the long way to Alpha Prime to launch the hypergate at that end, so the rest of humanity could take the shortcut. And Will was to be their pilot. They'd spend most of the journey in stasis pods, but time on Earth would plod on.

With no family and no other real connections, a loner through and through, of course he'd been the appropriate choice to go with the Verger-Bloom family. But he hadn't signed up for *this*, for a psychiatrist! And specifically not Hannibal Lecter, a psychiatrist on the Force payroll that was notorious for his studies on omegas in Space Force. Was he chosen because he was the best pilot for this job, or for a chance to study omegas in this unique situation? It all made Will uneasy.

And now the doctor sat there in Jack's office at the Command Centre, looking smug and insufferable.

"It is important that Margot, Alana and Morgan are all prepared for the rigors of this mission," The doctor said, conversing with Jack as though Will wasn't there. "And you, Major?" The alpha asked without looking up at Will.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Will turned and growled. Margot and their teenage son, Morgan, were alphas. Alana was a beta. Will would be the only omega on the mission. A mission he was now wishing he wasn't going on, as it now operated as a microcosm for his experience at the UGSP. Always having to prove himself more, always having to not just be as good as but better than the alphas and betas he worked with.

"I simply want to ensure that everyone on the mission is up to the task." The alpha smiled, when Will didn't respond, or even look at the damn man, he continued, "Not fond of eye contact are you?"

Will huffed, low hanging fruit. Omegas were practically raised to avoid eye contact to the point that it was ingrained. It was something Will had mastery over from an early age but then continued to perform in order to maintain the distance from people that he enjoyed.

"Eyes are distracting," Will replied dismissively, waiting for them to get back onto the point of the passengers. Of which this damn doctor was one.

Lecter hummed, and Will could feel the alpha's eyes on him as he continued to slowly pace.

"When was your last heat, Major?" Lecter asked, detached and medical.

Will stopped and glared at Jack, “Whose evaluation is he working on?”

Jack let out an exasperated sigh, “Will, everyone on the mission has to be evaluated.”

Will knew that, but there was something about this doctor in particular, that set Will on edge. His previous studies on omegas, whilst always in favour of the advancement of omegas, often seemed intrusive to Will and he’d never wanted to be the subject of one. But he had to admit, it wasn’t just that. Now meeting the alpha in person, there was something he exuded. A disarming charm and confidence that Will was sure many an omega would succumb to. Not Will.

As far as Will could tell from his flamboyant suits and ridiculously bloated purple prose, Doctor Hannibal Lecter was a nut. The kind that Will very much did not appreciate having to spend time with. Not for this meeting, let alone the whole damn mission.

There was something about the alpha that made Will feel more unease than he ever had with anyone else. And he hated that, how the alpha made him feel. He hated that sense of being so damn omega.

“I want an independent doctor, not-”

“Will,” The alpha purred softly. “I’m the doctor on the mission, I need to evaluate your mental and physical health, and preparedness for the mission as I will be the one responsible for it once we launch.”

Will seethed, he knew the alpha was right but he wanted to resist nonetheless. He specifically wanted to resist Hannibal Lecter, and the thought of that sent a strange tingle through him and made his jaw clench.

So he took his seat, like a good little omega, and answered the doctor's questions.

**Four Months Later**

“Danger, Will Graham. Danger!”

“I know!” Will growled in response as the four-legged robot loped down the hall and into the medi-lab, making it in just as Will pressed the button to instantly shut the door. He pressed a few more buttons and was relieved by the clunk of the lock sliding into place.

The corridor, the lab, the whole ship was bathed in the eerie glow of the red emergency lights. A faint alarm klaxon was sounding in some distant part of the ship.

“Fuck.” Will pressed his forehead to the coolness of the door and let out a heavy sigh. As if things couldn’t get worse. He was sweating and could barely breathe, feeling like he was in a bubble of sweltering heat.

This was supposed to be the easy part of the mission. Getting them out of the solar system and on their way. Putting Lecter and the Verger-Bloom’s into stasis and then setting the navigation before joining them in his own pod for the long journey out to Alpha Prime.

But it didn't work out that way.

Lecter had insisted on waiting for Will before getting into his own pod, saying that it wasn't good for the omega to be alone whilst he maneuvered them out of the solar system and onto their decade long course to Alpha Prime.

Will had agreed for the sake of saving an argument. But then *it* had happened.

When the navcom exploded, everything had gone dead. The ship had gone into safety mode, awaiting maintenance, and they had been left drifting on the other side of the Kuiper Belt. Will secured the cockpit, did everything by the book. Ran diagnostics.

They ended up drifting in space for a few days before Will was able to bring everything back online with the help of the ship's robot, Winston. Lecter kept much to himself, which definitely suited Will as he tinkered and tested and got the ship back to limping.

They could turn back to Earth or he could fix the navcom himself and set the course as expected.

But then the singularity had appeared on sensors and he had no way to steer them from it.

They had been pulled into a distortion in space, like nothing he'd ever seen before. The klaxon had started and emergency mode had kicked in.

It was insane. All Will could do was keep his cool and do as he was trained. If he couldn't save the mission, he had to at least save the crew, even if it did mean turning them back to Earth. His priority was to work on the navcom, but within hours he'd started to feel unwell. Cramping, aching and now here he was, going into heat.

But worse. Hannibal Lecter had correspondingly gone into rut.

"Winston, where is Doctor Lecter?" Will asked the robot, which then cocked it's head like a dog would, gears audibly whirring as it searched for data.

"Doctor Lecter is in corridor A-12."

"Shit," Will spat, looking up through the thick glass of the medi-lab door to see the alpha stalking down the corridor, no doubt following the trail of his scent.

Will watched Lecter coming towards him and let out a shuddering breath.

Perhaps he might have been intrigued by the alpha before his heat? He wasn't sure, but now watching the powerful alpha posture, Will whined. He could feel how wet he was getting. He really didn't want to be attracted to him, and yet, here he was soaking his jumpsuit.

He pulled himself from the door and shook himself, trying to keep his wits about him.

"Winston, I need a heat stabiliser. My suppressants have failed. Where will the stabilisers be?" Will asked as he began to rifle through the cabinets.

There was a quiet whirring and a few more seconds passed than Will might have expected, before finally the robot responded. “I can find none registered in the inventory.”

That wasn’t right. Any mission with an omega on board had a standard kit with this stuff. Hell, even those without any omegas usually had *something* just in case.

“No,” Will shook his head. “That can’t be right. The doctor would have had a heat kit aboard.”

His body ached, a gnawing ache within him that spoke of his emptiness and desire to be filled.

God, he wanted to let Lecter in.

He wanted to give himself over to an alpha. No, not any alpha. That specific one. If he didn’t his heat wouldn’t have been nearly as powerful as it was proving to be. They were always worse when there was attraction involved.

As much as Will wanted to ignore it, there really was no denying that part of his abruptness with the man and disdain for him was an attempt to hide that feeling crawling under his skin. The one he usually only felt during heat, and now had no choice but to feel again.

“Options,” Will demanded.

Wintson’s reply was almost instant, “I can make you comfortable so that you can manage your heat alone, or you would need to find a suitable alpha to volunteer their assistance. The crew manifest logs two adult alphas. Margot Verger and Hannibal Lecter.”

Will groaned and shook his head. This was insane.

“Will.”

Will startled at Lecter’s rasping voice, and quickly spun to look at the door. The alpha stood the other side with his hand at the comm button, piping his voice into the room.

“I can help you, Will. You can help me.” Lecter struggled to get the words out.

Will strode over to the door and pressed the comm panel, “I don’t want your *help*” Will protested, as difficult as it was.

“I can sedate us, enough to make the symptoms manageable.” Lecter insisted. “Please, Will.”

Will glared at him through the glass and he seemed so very sincere. But Will wasn’t about to trust that in the least. There was something just not right about this whole situation. The explosion, the singularity, and now his heat? Even as his mind hazed he knew there was something wrong.

And yet even so, he released the lock and allowed the doors to open.

His breath was coming in deep pants, his lungs immediately full of the heavy scent of alpha in rut, which served to make him all the wetter.

Despite his eccentricities the doctor really was a fine figure of an alpha. Wealthy, intelligent, liked and adored by many. But also strong, commanding, and if the scent was to be believed, very fertile.

It was enough to make Will whine.

“Just a little longer, Will. Please just-” Lecter started as he moved towards the drugs cabinet.

“Are you really going to sedate us?” Will managed to ask through increasingly laboured breaths, incredulous.

“Yes, it will take the edge off enough in order for us to manage until-”

“What if I don’t want you to?” Will growled, stalking towards the alpha.

At that, Lecter spun and looked at him. He eyed him skeptically, evaluating him. And for a moment Will was sure he’d insist. But then Lecter’s face broke into a smile and his posture relaxed a little.

“What do you want, Will?” He asked in a low rumble that practically vibrated through the omega.

“You,” Will growled and slammed forward, pushing Lecter against the medical counter as he reached for his cock. “Your knot.” Will snarled as he took hold of Lecter’s rock hard member through his trousers. “Fuck, just the smell of you is making me wet.” Will admitted, inhibitions now in the wind.

“I should deny you. It would be the sensible thing to do.” Lecter replied even as he started to nuzzle at Will’s neck. Finally he added, “Not here like desperate savages.”

Will couldn’t help a chuckle at that, as if they were not simply driven by their own instincts now.

The alpha scooped Will up in his arms and started out of the medi-lab. If Will hadn’t been too focused on the promise of a knotting, he might have even slapped the alpha for that. But as it was, he put his arms around Lecter’s neck and nuzzled at his scent gland as the alpha walked them through the desolate ship, red lights still glowing and klaxon still sounding.

*

“Fuck, there. There. FUCK!” Will screamed as Lecter fingered him, thrusting his fingers hard and fast until Will could barely stand. He arched against the wall at his back, shuddered and came all over his own chest.

He sobbed and trembled as he came down, Lecter stroking his cock through the aftershocks of the climax.

Will wasn't sure how much time had passed. It could have minutes, it could have been hours. All he knew was that the alpha had carried him to his quarters and had him up against the wall.

The way Lecter nibbled at his neck made him long for a bite. And the alpha's fingers had brought him to one of the most powerful orgasms he could ever recall having.

Was it Lecter or was it being in heat? Will wasn't sure, but his guard was now down completely. More than that, he was calling the shots. Whatever had happened to bring about his heat and to set them in space together, Will was planning to come out the other side of his heat bred and mated. If Lecter wanted that too, then all the better.

Certainly, so far the alpha had voiced no complaints.

As soon as Will caught his breath, he panted, "Breed me," and was delighted by the growl that pulled from the alpha. All the more delighted when Lecter started to rip off both their uniforms and then threw him bodily onto the bed.

"You're mine," The alpha snarled as he pushed Will's face into the mattress.

Will moaned, "Yes alpha, yours. Fill me!" The words came out as a plea but they were more than that. The tone and inflection were the sort that an alpha in rut couldn't resist.

Will was already hard and leaking again, slick flowing from him. Lecter put a hand to the back of his neck and held him in place as he slid into him.

"Mine," Lecter said again, his tone reverent as he buried himself to the hilt.

Will let out a loud sob and shuddered. Lecter by far had to be the biggest alpha he'd ever taken, and it spoke highly of his virility, and his skills as a lover and potential father. Will had certainly chosen his mate well.

"Yours," Will moaned and went pliant, letting Lecter rut into him, fucking him hard and fast. The hand on his neck was near bruising, fingers digging in. And now the same with his other hand on Will's hip. Holding the omega in place as he drove himself deeper and deeper until Will could feel his cock pressing against the neck of his womb and his knot buried inside him starting to expand.

"Tell me what you want, Will." The alpha commanded.

With a whimper, Will replied, "Breed me, mate me. Make me yours, want your pups."

The savage sound that broke from Lecter's throat almost made Will come.

"Bite me," Will practically screamed.

With a roar, Lecter pulled out, his knot almost catching, and roughly turned Will and slammed him onto his back. He hiked up Will's legs and drove back into him, as deep as possibly, his knot now having to be forced in.

NSFW ART HERE

A few more rough thrusts and Lecter's teeth were in his neck and his knot was firmly inside him.

They both howled in pleasure as Will came again, clenching around the doctor's knot and milking come from the alpha's heavy balls and into his womb.

"Oh fuck, fuck…" Will spoke in a haze of pleasure, clutching at Lecter as they rode out their climaxes together. He felt his belly expanding between them, filled with so much come that he almost looked pregnant already.

Will was lost to it all.

The physical sensation, the way Lecter now nuzzled at his bloodied mating bite. The way he continued to fill him and Will continued to clench. It felt endless.

Will couldn't imagine a time when he wouldn't be utterly lost to all this pleasure.

Everything was perfect and bathed in red.

**2063: Orbiting Alpha Prime**

Will checked the time and then stood with a sigh. Time to see Hannibal.

Three months since he and the rest of the crew woke from stasis.

Three months since he'd had to explain to the Verger-Blooms why he and Lecter hadn't gone into stasis until a year after leaving Earth. How Will had had to fix the navcom and get them back on track. How the singularity had cut the travel time in half, lucky as that had been.

How he and Hannibal had waited until the birth of his daughter before going back into stasis, with his pod adjusted and her in his arms.

He had also had to explain why he had moved Hannibal's pod into a makeshift brig once the doctor was under.

Will remembered with vivid clarity the day he discovered the truth of it all.

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*Will sighed and rubbed his back as he set down the control unit for his pod, the modifications complete. He was healthy and well, six months along, and counting his blessings that his mate was a doctor.*

*"Winston, you can reattach this now." Will said, holding the small panel cover in place and letting the robot screw it back in. "Thanks."*

*"You're welcome," The robot replied, retracting back into its usual stance, sitting there like a pet waiting for orders. The robot had been invaluable in these months of his pregnancy.*

*He had come out of his heat pregnant and mated. And happy. He hadn't ever wanted a mate, certainly hadn't wanted someone like Hannibal Lecter. Until he had. The weeks of sexual tension and something more, coming to a head when he went into heat.*

*Hannibal had explained that it was likely the rigors of space travel that had made his suppressants fail. After all it wasn't as if there had been any significant studies into omegas and the effects of space travel.*

*The alpha's own corresponding rut was a result of his own interest in Will. And then everything was all in place for neither of them to be able to deny the underlying connection and desire that was apparently between them.*

*"Shit," Will cursed as he turned and knocked the heavy tool kit off the side and directly onto Winston's head. There were sparks and a metallic whimper. "Dammit, are you okay?" Will got to his knees to check the robot.*

*It cocked it's head, a few more sparks flying. They were durable machines, but he didn't want some simple and freak accident to rob them of a useful tool.*

*"I am fine, Will. Will." It replied jarringly.*

*"I'm going to get Hannibal." Will said, about to try and get back up, in the hopes that the doctor could help.*

*"Hannibal. Doctor Hannibal Lecter. Crew physician and psychiatrist. Command override. Override."*

*"Yeah, Doctor Lecter. Wait," Will paused and settled back on his knees. "What command override?"*

*There was the sound of whirring as the robot searched files. "Command seven zero zero, Lecter, Doctor Hannibal. On exit of the Sol System sabotage navcom. Navcom. Navcom."*

*"Winston, power down." Will ordered, wanting to preserve the robot in its own form of stasis until he had an appropriate tool kit to hand.*

*That and the fact he needed to process what the robot had just said. He rubbed his belly, feeling his baby girl inside as he tried to put it all together. Hannibal had managed to order the robot to sabotage the ship and put them in the position they were in now? Why?*

*"You want to know why?" Hannibal's voice behind him startled Will and he stood as quickly as he could to face his alpha. "I wanted you." He continued. "From the moment I saw you, scented you. I knew you had to be mine and hoped you felt it too. I just wanted us to have some time. I wanted to woo you whilst you fixed the ship, court you."*

*"Fuck me? Breed me? Mate me?" Will growled, his tone growing angrier as he spoke.*

*"It was a simple thing to accomplish, the right mixtures of medications before we even left Earth. All timed so well. But there was one thing I hadn't counted on." Hannibal crooned.*

*“What’s that?” Will snarled.*

*“Your desire, Will. I had hoped to use your heat to my advantage to bring us closer. But I had not expected you to reciprocate in the way you had. Not immediately.” Hannibal spoke softly as he stepped closer, and there was no denying his words.*

*He was right. Will had wanted Hannibal to mate and breed him, and now their child grew inside him.*

*“I forgive you,” Will lied*

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Will looked up when he heard Mischa gurgle, followed quickly by Alana’s cooing a moment before they came into the room.

“Honesty, this little one makes me so broody,” Alana laughed.

Will smiled and Mischa reached out for him.

Alana handed her over with a smile and the baby giggled happily, reaching up to grab at Will’s face with her little hand.

“Time to go visit daddy,” Will said softly and Alana sighed.

It was a short walk across the ship to the brig Will had constructed. And therein sat his alpha, a smile on his face as he stood and walked to the glass and placed his hand for Mischa to try and touch through the barrier.

“My daily visit,” Hannibal acknowledged pointedly.

Will ignored the tone, “And as you’ve been good, I thought we’d have a proper visit today.”

Hannibal smiled and lowered his eyes, an apology for his tone.

With a hum, Will tapped the code into the door and it opened with a whoosh, allowing Hannibal to have actual contact today.

He could sense Hannibal’s desire to move forward and physically greet them but he held back.

Will stepped forward and handed Mischa over to Hannibal, feeling as well as hearing his sigh of relief to have her in his arms. He held her tight for a moment, putting his finger in her little hand and letting her squeeze, to his delight.

“She’s getting so strong.”

“Mmm,” Will agreed with a smile, unable to deny how much seeing his alpha and child together warmed his heart. “The hypergate structure is in place,” Will explained of the

equipment the Verger-Blooms had launched and set up as was their mission. “It will be operational soon.”

“And what happens then, Will?” Hannibal asked, a low rumble. “When the rest of the human race start to arrive and colonise the planet? Once society resumes? Will you come visit me in my prison cell?”

Will clenched his jaw. Although Hannibal’s tone was light, there was a bite in his words.

“You sabotaged the mission. You put everyone in danger just to satisfy your baser instincts.” Will huffed.

“Instincts that you were quite happy to indulge, as I recall.” Hannibal hummed, a smirk just on the corner of his lips.

“Which I might not have done had I not been in heat.” Will replied with a growl.

Silence fell between them, an argument they’d had so many times before. It didn’t really matter now, they were here. And so was Mischa.

“Will you come see me tonight?” Hannibal murmured softly as he nosed at Mischa’s curls.

Will clenched his jaw at the request, but nodded all the same. After all, not allowing conjugal visits was unfair on them both. Will needed his alpha, and moreover he wanted to need his alpha.

“So, what do we do, Will?” Hannibal asked softly. “When the others arrive?”

Will shook his head, defeated. He had already reported everything.

Hannibal moved Mischa so she was cradled in his arms, smiling up at him. “Do you know what an imago is, Will?”

“The insect?” Will asked, confused.

“It's also a term from the dead religion of psychoanalysis. An imago is an image of a loved one buried in the unconscious, carried with us all our lives.” He spoke gently as he let Mischa pull at his finger and Will felt his heart fill at the love he could see between them.

“An ideal.” Will replied just as softly as he took in the image of his family. His alpha and their child.

“The concept of an ideal always searching for an objective reality to match. I have a concept of you just as you have a concept of me.” Hannibal’s words were as pretentious as ever and yet Will found comfort in them now.

“Neither of us are ideal.” Will admitted, knowing that Hannibal’s words were both seeking and giving forgiveness.

“We are both too curious about too many things for any ideals.” Hannibal smiled, first at Mischa and then up at Will, before his expression turned more serious.

Will sighed, “I already wrote the reports. The charges are already filed. You’ll be behind bars for a significant amount of time.” Will spoke quietly, knowing he’d done the right thing as much as he regretted it now. Perhaps they could have come up with a story, scrub Winston’s memory and hide the evidence so that not even a thorough investigation would find it to be sabotage. But post heat, before he’d realised he was pregnant and before as his anger subsided, he had sent the reports detailing what Lecter had done and the danger he had caused the mission.

“We could disappear, when the hypergate opens and the command team comes through. Just disappear into this new world.” Hannibal suggested, looking back down at Mischa who laughed her approval of the idea.

Will sighed and lifted Mischa back out of Hannibal’s arms, but then allowed Hannibal to move his arms around both of them and nuzzle at his hair.

“We could disappear,” Will agreed as Hannibal nuzzled against his mating bite. “We could lose ourselves out in that new world. Start over, new identities. Just another family migrating from Earth.”

Hannibal hummed his approval.

They could just disappear. They could just be lost. Together.

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